

Cockburn Bruce**"The Rose Above The Sky 623"**

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something jewelled slips away
round the next bend with a splash
laughing at the hands i hold out
only air within their grasp
all you can do is praise the razor
for the fineness of the slash
i see the Rose above the sky
opens
and the light behind the sun
takes all

gutless arrogance and rage
burn apart the best of tries
you carry the weight of inherited sorrow
from your first day till you die
toward that hilltop where the road
forever becomes one with the sky
i see the Rose above the sky
opens
and the light behind the sun
takes all

ozone on the midnight wind
got me thinking of the sea
and the mercies of the currents that brought
me to you and you to me
and in the silence at the heart of things
where all true meetings come to be
i see the Rose above the sky
opens
and the light behind the sun
takes all

(Ottawa August/79

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